

THE KANSAS CITY STAR

111 WEST SIXTH STREET,

MISSOURI.

The Star is published every evening (Sunday excepted) by George L. H. Kansas City, Missouri, and contains two and a half pages, 16 columns, 16 pages, 2 cents.

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Address THE STAR, Kansas City, Mo.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1887.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

MUSIC HALL SUMMER GARDEN—Thomas Opera Company in "Robert Macaire."

CYCLORAMA—"Battle of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain."

Probabilities.

Indications for twenty-four hours, commence at 3 p.m. to 6 a.m.

For Missouri—Fair weather, preceded by local showers in southeast portion; cooler, followed in northwest portion by rising temperature; northern part, variable.

Kansas—Fair weather; northeast winds, becoming variable; cooler Saturday morning, followed by rising temperature.

For Nebraska—Fair weather; variable winds; moderate Saturday.

State of the thermometer to-day as furnished by G. B. Lichtenberg, Optician, 723 Main street; Minimum, 68; max, 83; mean, 75.

A. M.—8 o'clock, 60; 9, 71; 10, 73; 11, 77; 12, 81.

P. M.—1 o'clock, 52.

Aneroid barometer—S.A.M., 30,10; 12, 30,11.

Rainfall, 1.96 in.

Same date last year—Min., 65; max., 91.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR's daily circulation for the week ending Saturday, July 20, 1887, was as follows:

Monday, July 23..... 26,450

Tuesday, July 24..... 26,300

Wednesday, July 25..... 26,350

Thursday, July 26..... 26,030

Friday, July 27..... 26,150

Saturday, July 28..... 26,050

Total for week..... 157,330

Daily average for the week..... 26,231

Recorder DAVENPORT a candidate for Mayor?

The rains have come in time to save the corn. The bulls of the market can pull in their horns from the drought racket.

The police have decided that the dirty dives must go. The police are right. If vice must exist it ought at least to "assume a virtue though it have not it."

It is believed in Chicago that the courts will not interfere with the finding now pending against the anarchists. They have found that the way of the transgressor is hard.

If Canada should be annexed to the United States what would become of the borders and other villains of this country? They would have no safe and convenient place of resort.

McGARIGLE is reported to be cheerful. Why should he not be? "He who runs away may live to fight another day." But if "WILLIAM JONES, of Toronto, (his full name) should be arrested, his hilarity will change to grief.

If the beheading of Chief SIEVERS was the beheading of the thives, the things, the gamblers, and the other law-breaking elements of this city, the official guillotine would click with a suddenness indicating absolute unanimity and great enthusiasm.

The saloon keepers of Booneville have resolved to abolish the "growler" traffic—the custom families and others have of sending out the pitcher for beer. The object is to force all who want beer to visit the saloon and drink it there. When the saloons of a place undertake to abolish a custom of the people, it is time for the people to abolish the saloons. Custom should not be brought into the picture of the law and order. The saloon is to be the beheading of the growler.

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The result of the election in Texas will be somewhat surprising, especially to the temperance people. The advocates of prohibition confidently expected to carry the prohibitory amendment. The organ of the amendment claimed for it a majority of not less than forty thousand. The election took place yesterday and the result is that prohibition is defeated by a majority estimated all the way from fifteen to sixty thousand. Texas already has a local option law. It ought to satisfy the conservative temperance people. The colored Republicans of the state voted against prohibition while the white Republicans voted for it. Thus the two old political clubs parted company over the beer mug.

WARM WEATHER FASHIONS.

The favorite reticule is the Marguerite pocket.

The lace handkerchief is the latest as well as lockettines.

Time ago the chief clerk of the treasury department issued an order prohibiting clerks from visiting and promenading the corridors during business hours. Prior to this time the treasury girls spent considerable time in the office, walking leisurely around the corridor with favorite masculine clerks. For a time the new order effectively suppressed the abuse aimed at all idle were reported to the chief clerk. The order still produces good results, yet many male and female clerks, with a disposition for idleness, have found a plan to get around the new order.

A new idea in jerseys is a low-necked and short-sleeved one embroidered with beads.

Pin-headed white muslins are revived for young girls. They are worn over collars and are to be seen at every hotel.

Some exquisite camisoles or morning saucers for house wear are made of embroidered muslin, all over, with borders of white and tinted shawls, with deep-set fringes, are the favorite piazza wraps at watering places.

As long as the princess of Wales is in the leader of fashion, the ladies of the world will have high and close neck and short waists.

The neck is dressed as high as ever in spite of the weather.

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LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS.

Special Inquiries, Complaints, Suggestions and Protests from the Star's Mail Box.

To the Editor of The Star.

SIR—It is proper for a young lady at the age of sixteen to keep company with a young gentleman.

SIXTEEN.

The Privileges of the Fairies.

SIR—Would it be asking too much from you to tell me through your paper why it is that a merchant who pays city, county and state taxes, as well as license, for the privilege of doing business in the city, is allowed to display his goods in front of his store, while he who does not pay tax whatever, are permitted to stand in front of our stores obstructing the sidewalk, making the public convenience and comfort less and less? I hope you will not feel like buying from them. A MAIN STREET MERCHANT.

From a Christian Scientist.

SIR—The article THE STAR, July 26, from the Boston *Herald* headed, "All in the Main," is a fine article. The author of the New School of Hesitation" is unquestionably the highest degree. The person who wrote that never investigated Christian Science to the extent of listening to six lectures, because he had *Truth* would have been so indelibly stamped upon his mind that his conscience if ever it should not let him, would tell him to do it, but a state of absolute ignorance—judging of it from a mortal mind stand point, when it can only be understood through the spiritual perspective.

I as well as any one that has passed a course of twelve lectures, can point the readers to many that have been sufferers for years after discarding the principles of the present principles of Christian Science teachings, some have been entirely cured, others so greatly benefited that they have been enabled to live normal lives. Nothing can induce them to resort to medicines again. We are not weak-minded nor deluded, nor are we fanatics. We are the people, some of the people that stood aloof from us. Indeed we are much brighter and our faculties more acute than before we got into the understanding. The brighter intellects have been challenged to investigate it, they with the skeptical and those grounded in the principles of orthodoxy have been converted.

"Truth is mighty and it will prevail."

Christian Science has for its basis God and truth and every person who is logical enough to that a person cannot conscientiously listen to a course of lectures without admitting or acknowledging the superiority over other sciences and religious doctrines.

A Physician Discusses the Garbage Question.

To the Editor of The Star:

SIR—Would it not be a wise city of large cities to say that the city is now poor for a large amount of money for the collection of garbage, and is really paying it for nothing, as the garbage is not collected from more than one-tenth of the city, and instead of the present system presented, that we have a system of collection in the health worse than it was before in this city. The large amount of death, particularly of infants, of late is due almost entirely to this cause. If persons did not wait for the garbage wagon the would either destroy the garbage or burn it, and it is a fact that the private wagons, and even if they threw it on the ground it would dry up and do far less damage than to be kept for a week in a barrel where it is damp and where putrefaction is constantly going on, and it is a fact that it is better to keep it in the open air; for it is well known that although the ordinance requires the barrels to be closed, but few are.

I live at 1505 Main street and have never had a garbage wagon call but twice. The garbage is now being collected in the city.

At 1323 Chestnut, 1319 Charlotte, and at numerous places I could name, the garbage is awaiting the arrival of the wagon. The teams now employed are mostly old broken horses and old men and boys with slow-going propensities that make one mile every three hours. I have been told that it is now the month of August if something is not done for the prompt collection of garbage that money now paid will be lost.

Many innocent infants' lives will be sacrificed.

Dr. R. P. WARING.

Joy of a Farmer's Life.

To the Editor of The Star:

SIR—"Would that I were a farmer," wailed a poet recently, through the columns of one of the leading newspapers. It was only the poet's own life, still the strangeness of the cry struck me so forcibly that I could not resist the temptation of laying before his mind a few of the hilarious glories attached to farming. Don't you see, sir, the joy of a long coast of feeding soaked bread to split-hall-mothers; let him escort a plow and a pair of bow-legged mules through a ten acre tract of land all day. I think then when his day's work is over he will begin to realize that farming and writing poetry are not incompatible. The poet's life is farming like all other vocations, has its pleasures. We all know that the whistle for quitting on a farm does not blow until sundown, thereby giving one an excellent chance to work up a ripe, mellow appetite. If he should chance to be a heavy drinker, he will be apt to be a heavy consumer of bacon and large chunk of corn bread dealt out at supper. I don't mean to say that all farmer's wives are not good cooks at the back door of their weathered farm houses, but I do mean that it is very easy to meander out to the cow pasture and give himself up to the gods, or else he can pass away the times by picking the hayseed and perspiration from his long dark curls. Should this young poet be the possessor of a good team voice he will be sure to be heard in the early morn when the sun is up, and when the young bull is calling up the cows arrives. But, alas! farmers, as a rule, are not musically inclined and would probably prefer a voice with a nutmeg and a bay leaf smell to the rich, sonorous richness. No. I would advise those who would wish to enjoy themselves in the country to take up the life of a farmer. The cost of washing does not cost much for those who take advantage of the small frog pond down in the meadow. I was told it is not a good time for the prompt collection of garbage that money now paid will be lost.

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Dr. R. P. WARING.

THE PATHFINDER.

BOBBY BURNS.
Where the Genius Lived and Wrote—His Popularity.A letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* from Point Pleasant, N. J., says: Among the handsome grounds and cottages between the sea and the Squaw river which at this point touches the ocean, none are more pleasant than that of General John C. Fremont. Since the torrid wave in the "Pathfinder" has made his home here, with his wife, Jessie, Benton Fremont, and daughter Lillie.

One reaches the village by a rail communication either from New York or Philadelphia, it being quite distant from both. The station itself is primitive enough to suggest to the general and his charming family the days when he blazed his pathway from the rugged peaks of the Rockies to the lazy, quiet waters of the Hudson Gate. To the right the Atlantic with its whaling grounds stretches out to the vast, peopled ocean. To the left the village of Point Pleasant, decked with white-sailed cat-boats, which to the clientele serve as does the gondola to the seafarers resident under Venetian skies. To all there is but one central point from which triangulation begins. Ask the old resident to locate a house, and he will begin his recitation with the name of Captain William Curtis, who followed him to Point Pleasant, to finally locate where he could ever hear the cadence and rhythm of the angry waves.

As I sat in the "Pathfinder" a hamper outfit and the typical Jerry-rig of a car was sent out to General Fremont in his summer home. "Where does he live?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the driver. "We'll go the post office and see."

A short stretch of sandy road brought me to the factotum who ought to know every residence in the village.

"Where does General Fremont live?" said I.

"This seemed to be enough for the driver. For some time the details delayed not, but by circuitous routes over the edge of the village, and later by the Manasquan, decked with white-sailed cat-boats, which to the clientele serve as does the gondola to the seafarers resident under Venetian skies. To all there is but one central point from which triangulation begins. Ask the old resident to locate a house, and he will begin his recitation with the name of Captain William Curtis, who followed him to Point Pleasant, to finally locate where he could ever hear the cadence and rhythm of the angry waves.

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"This seemed to be enough for the driver. For some time the details delayed not, but by circuitous routes over the edge of the village, and later by the Manasquan, decked with white-sailed cat-boats, which to the clientele serve as does the gondola to the seafarers resident under Venetian skies. To all there is but one central point from which triangulation begins. Ask the old resident to locate a house, and he will begin his recitation with the name of Captain William Curtis, who followed him to Point Pleasant, to finally locate where he could ever hear the cadence and rhythm of the angry waves.

As I sat in the "Pathfinder" a hamper outfit and the typical Jerry-rig of a car was sent out to General Fremont in his summer home.

"Where does he live?" I asked.

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